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THE WOODCOCK.

ANIMAL INSTINCT—THE WOODCOCK.

Denied the use of reason, the habits of the woodcock mark great intelligence, and seem admirably calculated to save him from much suffering, and to afford great and varied enjoyment. The lot of a human being would be thought enviable, could he live in a perpetual spring. This the woodcock seems to do, or, at least, to live constantly in that season which is most agreeable to him.

Few woodcocks are bred in this country. For the most part they are regarded as natives of the Alps, Norway, Sweden, Polish Prussia, and other northern parts. They generally leave England early in March. "The time," says Rees, "of their appearance and disappearance in Sweden coincides exactly with that of their retreat from and arrival in Great Britain." They regulate their movements, when the time for emigration arrives, by the wind. On the Suffolk coast they arrive, but in comparatively small numbers, in the first week in October. In November and December, the great body of these foreigners make their invasion. The redwing commonly immediately precedes them as a vanguard. They fly by night, always taking advantage of a fair wind.

The haunts of this bird, while resident here, are more interesting to the British sportsman than to the general reader. They are usually chased in this country with dogs called springers, and the author of "Sporting Scenes and Country Characters" remarks: "It is worth a day's long ride to see the unwearied diligence and perseverance which these little creatures display in hunting, provided they have been well trained. They seldom leave the gunner beyond the space of twenty or twenty-five yards, and should never give mouth. It is surprising, too, how readily they meet the wishes of their master. The encouraging expressions, 'Seek'em, Sprightly;' 'Go along, Tom;' 'Find'em out, Rover;' 'Good dogs;' are constantly responded to by these untiring creatures with renewed activity. Not one inch of ground escapes them; whatever game lies concealed, the little springer is sure to rise it. A very superior dog of this description has been known to sell for thirty guineas—a fact which presents sufficient proof of the estimation in which the little springer is held for the purpose."

Venturing on the long journeys these birds undertake, it is probable they often find their strength fail them, and fall into the sea. We have authentic accounts of incidents which favour this supposition. Mr. Travers, of Cornwall, records an instance, when at a distance from land unusual for birds to be seen, a bird was discovered hovering over the ship; when first discerned it was high in the air, but gradually descended, and after taking several circuits round, at length alighted on the deck; it was so wearied as to be taken up by the hand. Probably this bird had lost its companions, or, by the force of winds, was driven from the true aerial track. In 1700 a couple of woodcocks, seeking shelter from a gale of wind, alighted upon the Glory, man-of-war, at that time cruising in the Channel. They are commonly attracted by a glare of light. Many instances have occurred, at the Cromer and Eddystone light-houses, of their falling victims to it; but in 1796, at the light-house upon the Hill of Howth, the man who attends, whilst trimming his lamps, was surprised by a violent stroke against the windows, which broke a pane of plate-glass cast for the place, more than three-eighths of an inch thick; on examining the balcony that surrounds the light he found a woodcock, which had flown with such violence as to break his bill, head, breast-bone, and both wings.

The instinct which conducts them over vast oceans to a genial climate, fails to preserve them when they come in contact with the works of man; and they are easily snared by his contrivances, or destroyed by his weapons.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XX.

Many authors are very fond of making a bright morning out of a cloudy one, a dry warm summer's day out of a cold and uncomfortable atmosphere. Although we have tried our hands at this task, and have spoken of "golden globes, orbs of day, and of delightful flowers" breathing sweet perfume on the banks teeming with wild exotics, yet we, of course, have written only the truth, which the reader, whether he or she be fair or dark, tender or irritable, will bear in mind is the basis of our sketches.

We pass over a few days intervening between Monday midnight and Friday morning, which hiatus the kind reader will supply himself, if he pleases. We candidly admit we have little to record, not a sigh, a tear, a broken heart, nor a broken head, for every one of the band arrived home quite safe, some minus a hat, another a shoe. One lost his watch, which he found again snugly imbedded in the slimy mud in the harbour; he had picked up a stone to throw at the harbour light which offend-

ed him by its brilliancy, when he became conscious that his conduct was plainly against orders, and wishing to know at what time he contemplated this crime, in order to do penance, he drew his time-piece from his pocket. Finding he could not perceive the hands, even by the aid of the lamp, he indignantly abused the flaming light, and with deep concern for his error consigned the fatal stone, as he supposed, to the area called the harbour. Instead of which he placed the chronicler of old time to the abyss, and consigned the witness to his perfidy into the depths of his fob. With the exception of these slight occurrences, the interval between Monday and Friday was barren of events to the persons who figure in this tale; yet there appeared an ardent anxiety in the public mind for twenty miles round to witness the approaching contest.

It was Friday, in the genial month of August; the morning was gloomy, but the south easterly wind cooled an atmosphere inclined to be sultry. Yes, the delicious south east breezes for ever! how sweet they are; how redolent of health; how conducive to an elasticity of mind; how they invigorate the animal spirits, and elevate the heart to noble aspirations; while the murky, wasting south westerly winds enervate, prostrate, and destroy all desire for emulation. The south easterly sea breezes, wafting coolness, health and happiness, prevailed on that eventful morning, big with importance to many a heart. A day destined to make many a pulse throb wildly for the first time.

Sandgate Plain, thirty years since, was a pretty piece of table land, reaching as before stated, to the verge of a bold promontory overlooking the British Channel. It contained an area of about twelve acres, and had become famous in consequence of the noble game of cricket played on its velvet bosom. To this spot we desire to conduct the reader. Has he ever seen this manly game played in a country district? if he has, he will recognise the faithfulness of the following pages. If he has not seen one, he has lost a treat. Let him repair his fault directly, and repair into the garden of England—Kent—where he will witness that science in perfection. Kent has always, and continues still, to produce the best players in this country. Every contest proves the correctness of this assertion. If a novice in the game desire to see a cricket match in perfection, let him repair to this county, but below Rochester Bridge and that ridge of hills, which extends from Wrotham into Surrey. He may see formal play at "Lord's," but his soul is not absorbed in the amusement, the affair wants life. Go nto the country—enter their pavilions—partake of their beverage—chat with the players—courteously accept an invitation to supper after the match, and the uninitiated will come back to London, and remember the hearty welcome he received from the Kentish cricketer as long as he exists; and talk of the noble game with enthusiasm for ever: and it will be no degradation to the novice whether he be learned or unlearned, rich or poor, he will have tasted a pleasure new and pleasing, which will be recorded on his heart while memory remains to bless him. It is nine o'clock. The snow white marquees tipped with colours, like minarets pointing to the sky, greet the visitors; streaming pennants from the peaked summits flutter in the gentle breeze; within is heard the busy note of preparation. One pavilion is set apart for the players, their friends, and supporters; the other booth, a small distance from the pavilion, receives their servants, bats, and luggage. In the centre of the plain, the velvet lawn appears level and smooth, the heavy presser having performed its work; the umpires are out with their chains and rules; new stumps are placed into the earth; the ground on which the batter must play is cut and chalked out; the bales are in the pockets of the umpires until the commencement of the game. A few aspirants for fame have persuaded the umpires, by dint of coaxing, to permit them to plant a set of stumps at the usual distance, apart from the prepared green sward, and there the youngsters are beating the ball without mercy. Happy fellows they are, how their flushed features indicate delight at the exercise. Blooming with youthful vigour and redolent of happiness they view the ball skipping over the lawn with pride. Age has dealt gently with us, and we feel at this moment our youth returned in all its freshness, and we could still battle with the best, at least in intention. It is after all a sad affair to forsake the green fields and all the charms of nature for a town life—to leave content, happiness, and frequently health, for poverty and empty fame—yes, this it is that makes one regret the past.

It is half-past nine. Carriages are arriving full of lovely women. The bright liveries of the Kentish aristocracy are perceived dashing forward to the pavilion, setting down their precious burdens, and then wheeling off to the east. And now the uniforms of the officers of the Royal Staff Corps, of the 95th, of the Royal Artillery, are perceived shining like burnished gold, approaching the pavilion on horseback, their steeds prancing proudly with the noble and gallant officers, many of whom had seen much service. Amongst this gay cavalcade might be perceived a slight pale man, about seventy, the veteran

Earl of Cathcart. Near him stands a tall large-boned man, with a dark solemn visage, in the uniform of a colonel of the line; that officer is the son of the noble Earl—Lord Greenock. Talking to Miss Amanda Burton and Mr. and Mrs. Castlecroft, another dark swarthy person is perceived, whose gait indicates a slight lameness. Elegance combined with dignity distinguish this gallant officer, his countenance beaming with intelligence, and on his mouth is written resolution. This is Sir James Colleton, a colonel in the Staff Corps. The wounded officer who has just joined Sir James and Miss Burton, dressed in the uniform of a field marshal, with his hair white as snow, pale countenance, thin, tall, and well proportioned, is the celebrated General Nicolay. Two officers have just alighted from their steeds with the agility of youth, and the younger officers are paying great deference. They are dressed in plain clothes; upwards of seventy summers have passed over one of them but lightly; he has a bright colour on his cheek, indicating rude health; he wears his own white hair, and he is not above the middle size;—he is the commander of the garrison, General Sir Richard Johnson, the father of one of the loveliest women in Britain. His companion is a dark, handsome, martial looking person, with an upright air; his age about fifty. This distinguished officer is Sir Walter Jackson, second in command. These gent'emen were received by Captain Cumberland and Captain Phipps, two of the principal players on the part of the garrison, and conducted to the pavilion, where many a friendly countenance greeted them with respect.

Elegant open carriages now drove rapidly up to the opening of the pavilion, their fair inmates radient in loveliness. Amongst the brightest and loveliest of the fair creatures that graced the circle of fashion, no one appeared to eclipse the fair Amanda in simple elegance and beauty, until Miss Sarah Johnson alighted from her carriage, with her elegant sister. The old general, their father, assisted them from the vehicle, his eyes beaming the tenderest affection, blended with pride. Miss Johnson was tall and symmetrical; her form appeared faultless; her noble and beautiful head towered, like a stately monarch of the forest, above all the females present. Her features once seen remained recorded on the observer's heart and memory for ever. Graceful and elegant in her carriage, courteous and affable in her demeanour, intellect beamed from her refulgent large dark eyes, and every feature indicated decision of character. A writer of that period recording the events of the day, for the fashionable newspaper of the district, says "that if ever a woman lived to delight by her surpassing loveliness, to attract by her easy affability, or to astonish by her intellectual accomplishments, that lady is the youngest daughter of the gallant General Johnson." In this eulogy every one who knew the beautiful girl, then just verging into womanhood, with the bright manifestations of increasing excellence which were indicated by her demeanour and general conduct, must most cordially agree. Oh, she was a bright and glorious creature, fresh with youth, uncontaminated by a contact with the midnight orgies of fashionable life in the great wilderness. No one, rich or poor, ignorant or refined, could gaze on this faultless being, without profound love for the great architect of human nature and the illimitable globe. She had lately returned from the continent, and was the idol before whom the gentle and the great, the simple and poor, worshipped. Ah! she was good, and as benevolent as she was lovely and accomplished.

This graceful being entered the pavilion resting on the arm of her proud father, and the flatterers by whom she was constantly surrounded bowed and paid her marked respect, which she received with condescending indifference. The proud and ambitious parson Mr. Castlecroft approached with his ward Amanda, whom he presented to the General and his daughters. The hum of admiration was heard as Amanda Burton and Miss Johnson stood gazing on each other in wonder, so strong was the resemblance between these lovely creatures, at the first glance; but a deep reader of human nature could instantly discover the difference which God had made, when he willed the appearance of these bright visions on earth.

Amanda Burton was lovely, vain, and superficial; Sarah Johnson was devoid of vanity, and her mind was deeply stored with the learning of the past, and she possessed a sound understanding to appreciate the wonders of science and art. Polite literature of other lands, as well as her own country, engaged most of her attention, while the beautiful Amanda dreamed of dress and conquest. Sarah performed her social duties, and did "good in secret," and would have blushed to discover its "fame;" while Miss Burton's benevolence was known to the world in which she lived. There was then a great disparity between them. The beauty of Amanda consisted in an astonishing regularity of features, brilliancy of complexion, and studied grace; while Sarah's loveliness was distinguished for its intellectual nature, its lofty dignity blended with suavity, ease, and an unaffected benevolence of expression. After other introductions the two beauties

seated themselves in front of the pavilion in order to witness the game.

Amongst the other arrivals were the noble family of Dean Sir Henry Oxlendon, Sir Rumbold Knatchbull, and Mr. Barnard, sen. While these fashionables were seating themselves, the eye strained itself in vain to discover the heir of the last mentioned house; he was no where to be seen; in fact, it was reported, the discomfited Julius had departed from the country, and that he intended to perform a pilgrimage to the south of Europe.

About a hundred yards from the principal pavilion was constructed a large oblong booth for general entertainment. This large enclosure was covered over with canvass, to protect the inmates from wind or foul weather. In front of the booth was displayed in large letters on a board, "The Chequers, by Maria Gettings, from Folkstone. N.B. Good accommodation for man and horse." Behind a few deal boards above which was placed a rude counter, on which sparkled bright glasses and sombre bottles, was the priestess of this hosteline—our old friend the widow, who was bravely assisted by the gentle and amiable Jane. Chairs and tables were placed within and outside of this awning for the accommodation of the crowds of spectators that were now assembled to witness the sports. A body of persons formed a group before the opening of this tent, who were fiercely discussing the chances of the game, and numerous individuals laid heavy wagers on the result. Amongst these persons stood Hamish, Sarson, Waldron, and the youthful speaker of the Rose a few evenings before, Mr. Gillet. A dozen members of the Hythe Club congregated round Mr. Carrick, one of the men given by the county to the garrison with Poynder. Carrick was formed by nature for this manly game—slightly and elegantly proportioned, evincing great strength and activity, with dark penetrating eyes, and an intelligent expression of countenance; he was admired and regarded as an honourable tradesman, and the best general player in England. After some remarks from one of the Folkstone youths relative to the players of East Kent, Carrick remarked, "that he had no fear of the result, they had an excellent field and good batters. There was his friend and pupil Edmund Poynder, if the garrison permitted him to place the field, he would bet even that his party would win."

"But," replied Waldron, "where is Edmund, I have not seen him on the ground?"

"Oh, he will be here in a few minutes, and then for the game," said Carrick.

True enough were Carrick's remarks, for Edmund was perceived shortly afterwards leaping his pony over the gate; clearing which he galloped to the booth, alighted, paid the necessary attention to his favourite steed, then saluting mine hostess, and her blushing daughter, he grasped the hand of Carrick with warm-hearted frankness, who returned the pressure with great cordiality.

"My dear Carrick," cried Edmund, gaily, "I am so pleased we have you with us. Here is a glorious day; no sun; scarcely any wind; the leather will bound bravely along the surface of this delightful plain. But have you seen Cumberland? Ah, Waldron, Hamish, Captain Sarson, I am proud to see you;" and Poynder cordially grasped the hands of the persons thus saluted, who met his friendly notice with evident pleasure. Edmund then took Carrick's arm, excusing himself to his other friends, and repaired to the pavilion to concert with the officers relative to the conduct of the game. Edmund presented a curious appearance for a cricketer. We are compelled to describe his dress, which no person ever wore in a match before or since. No. 1. Straw hat, with enormous brim. 2. White jacket and waistcoat; all these in character; but No. 3, *black cord breeches*, with white gaiters, and low shoes with spikes. Only think of black cords and gaiters to play before such a galaxy of beauty and such a host of ability! It was a solecism—a frightful outrage on taste—and it may lower this estimable youth in the opinion of all lovers of propriety in dress—all admirers of delightful fashion; but we are compelled to record the truth, and by all that is *outré* there walked Poynder boldly up to the pavilion.

"Surely, Edmund, you will not enter the pavilion; you will send for Captain Cumberland; observe, there are ladies," remarked Carrick, with a bashful air.

"What have I to fear, my friend, from either ladies or gentlemen. But we are saved from this trouble, for here comes Captain Cumberland and the eight officers."

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MRS. BARON CORNWALL WILSON.

The daily papers announce the death of this lady, whose name has been for many years before the public as a contributor to the poetical department of the annual and other periodical publications—and more recently as editress of a biography of the late duchess of St. Alban's.

She was distinguished by great and varied talent, which she exerted with highly commendable industry in the cause of a family. Some of her poetry is beautiful; a few years back she gained the first prize offered by the Melodists' Club for the best ballad. What her own aspirings were will be seen from the following poem:—

IMPROMPTU.

(On reading a criticism, which reproved the author for writing only songs and ballads.)

They tell me I degrade my lyre
With idle themes of song,
Unworthy of a poet's fire,
To please the list'ning throng!
That other hands should wake the lay
Of knight and lady fair;
The graver themes I should essay,
Not "trifles light as air."

The hour is past, when FAME had charms,
To lure my vanity;
Cradled in LOVE'S domestic arms,
Oh! what is name to me?
My infants frolic round my knees,
In childhood's sportive mirth;
And there smiles one I vow'd to please
Beside our social hearth!

Mid joys like these—ah! what is Fame?
At best an empty sound!
Or what the poet's boasted name,
With fabled laurels crown'd?
Chide not my harp's unsoaring string,
Though light the lays it breaths;
Not for the POET'S CROWN I sing,
But for the MINSTREL'S WREATH!

Woburn Place, Russell Square,
June, 1830.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS.

When we consider that the present work contains the lives of men with whom we are made acquainted in our earliest days, and which work strengthens that intimacy by giving in detail the minutest actions of men of talent, we must admit the importance of Lord Campbell's undertaking. It is true that Becket has had his biographer, as well as More, Bacon, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, Jeffreys, and many others; still the research evinced, and information given, add fresh interest to the respective lives. The plan of each particular life is well laid, both as regards arrangement and scale; so that the length is fairly proportioned to the reader's interest in the subject. The proper distinction between biography and history is always maintained; the legal knowledge and acumen of Lord Campbell have enabled him to treat his chancellors as lawyers, and to introduce popular views of the law; a just medium between uninforming generalisation and undue fulness is observed; whilst the narrative, though not exhibiting passages of remarkable composition, or indeed any striking effect, is always equable and agreeable; the interest well sustained throughout.

"The Lives of the Lord Chancellors" opens with the derivation of the name, and traces the origin and growth of the office under the Anglo-Saxons. It its origin the chancellorship was merely ministerial, permitting men to go to law after examining their case, assigning them a tribunal, and vouching the suit by a *seal*, more trustworthy than a signature, which few could decipher. The holder of the seals became keeper of the king's conscience, because the confessor and the chancellor were mostly the same person, the former being *ex necessitate* an ecclesiastic, whilst the keeper of the seal was *ex necessitate temporis* in orders likewise, as no one else could read or write. The first "great seal" was made in the reign of Edward the Confessor, "upon the model which has been followed ever since. It bore the representation of the king, in his imperial robes, sitting on his throne, holding a sceptre in his right hand and a sword in his left, with the inscription 'Sigillum Edwardi Anglorum Basilei.'" The first practising advocate raised to the chancellorship (though, after the custom of those times, still an ecclesiastic) was Ralf Flambard, apppointed by Rufus; and he was about the worst of the lot. In the reign of Stephen, William Fitzherbert, a layman, was made chancellor by Matilda; but as she is not acknowledged as a sovereign, Lord Campbell fixes the first lay lord chancellor to the year 1340, in the reign of Edward III. This worthy was Sir Robert Bouchier; like Fitzherbert, a stalwart knight, who made short work with law and equity, when he gave any attention to them, but was chiefly occupied with politics and foreign affairs. The complaints to which this military chancellorship gave rise caused the removal of Bouchier, and something like at an attempt at encroachment on the prerogative by Parliament, which wanted to have "the chancellor together with the other great officers of state chosen openly in Parliament, and that at the same time they should be openly sworn to obey the laws of the land and Magna Charta." Sir Robert Bouchier, on his dismissal, took to the trade to which he was bred; recovered his popularity; and fought at Cressy. He was succeeded by Sir Robert Parnyng (1341); who was "the first regularly bred common lawyer that was ever appointed to the office of chancellor in England.

FIRST COMMON LAW LORD CHANCELLOR.

"Sir Robert Parnynge, who now held the great seal, was the first regularly bred common lawyer who was ever appointed to the office of chancellor in England. I do not find any account of his parentage or early education. He was probably of obscure origin, owing his rise to his talents and his industry. Having distinguished himself greatly for his proficiency in the study of the common law as a member of the inns of court and as an utter barrister, he took the degree of the coif in the 8th of Edward III, and was soon made a king's sergeant. 'For his profound and excellent knowledge of the

laws,' he was, in Trinity term, 14 Ed. III, created chief justice of England. On the 15th of December following, he was made lord treasurer of England; and he remained in that office till he was constituted lord chancellor. The equitable jurisdiction of chancery had gradually extended itself, and to the duties of his own court the new chancellor sedulously devoted himself. But he thought, as did Lord Eldon and the most celebrated of his successors, that the best qualification for an equity judge is not the mere drudgery of drawing bills and answers, but a scientific knowledge of the common law; and he further thought it essential that his knowledge of the common law should be steadily kept up by him when chancellor. 'This man,' says Lord Coke, 'knowing that he that knew not the common law could never well judge in equity (which is a just correction of law in some cases), did usually sit in the court of Common Pleas (which court is the lock and key of the common law), and heard matters in law there debated, and many times would argue himself; as in the Report, 17 Ed. III, it appears.'"

The earliest chancery suit seems to differ little from the present except in speed and simplicity; and we will introduce it here, with some other extracts bearing on the general subject.

"Audley *v.* Audley, 40 Edward III. This, the earliest instance I have found of a suit for a specific performance, is fully reported in the close roll of that year. By a deed executed in contemplation of the marriage of Nicholas son of James Lord Audley, he had covenanted to settle lands in possession or reversion to the amount of four hundred marks. After the marriage, Elizabeth, the wife, petitioned the king in Parliament that Lord Audley should be ordained to perform the covenant. The king caused the defendant to come before the chancellor, the treasurer, and the justices, and other 'sages' assembled in the Star Chamber. The Lady Audley 'showed forth her grievances;' that is to say, she declared them by word of mouth, and produced the indenture of covenant. A demurrer put in on the part of the defendant was overruled; and, after various proceedings before the chancellor and treasurer in the council, performance of the covenant at last obtained."

PLACE OF THE CHANCELLOR.

"By 31 Henry VIII, c. 10, he has precedence above all temporal peers, except the king's sons, nephews, and grandsons, whether he be a peer or a commoner. If he be a peer, he ought regularly to be placed at the top of the dukes' bench, on the left of the throne; and if a commoner, "upon the uppermost sack in the Parliament chamber, called the lord chancellor's woolsack.' For convenience, here he generally sits, though a peer; and here he puts the question, and acts as prolocutor: but this place is not considered within the house, and when he is to join in debate as a peer, he leaves the woolsack, and stands in front of his proper seat, the top of the dukes' bench. * * * * * Whether peer or commoner, the chancellor is not, like the speaker of the Commons, moderator of the proceedings of the House in which he seems to preside; he is not addressed in debate; he does not name the peer who is to be heard; he is not appealed to as an authority on points of order; and he may cheer the sentiments expressed by his colleagues in the ministry. * * * This arises from a proper distrust of a speaker holding his office during the pleasure of the crown, and necessarily an active political partisan: but most inconvenient consequences follow from there being no moderator in an assembly which is supposed to be the most august, but *is probably the most disorderly in the world.*"

MODE OF APPOINTMENT AND DISMISSAL.

"The appointment to the office of lord chancellor in very remote times was by patent or writ of privy seal, or by suspending the great seal by a chain round his neck; but for many ages the sovereign has conferred the office by simply delivering the great seal to the person who is to hold it, verbally addressing him by the title which he is to bear. He then instantly takes the oaths, and is clothed with all the authority of the office, although usually before entering upon the public exercise of it he has been installed in it with great pomp and solemnity. The proper tenure of the office is during pleasure; and it is determined by the voluntary surrender of the great seal into the hands of the sovereign, or by his demanding it in person, or sending a messenger for it with a warrant under the privy seal or sign manual."

THE GREAT SEAL.

"When on a new reign, or on a change of the royal arms or style, an order is made by the sovereign in council for using a new great seal, the old one is publicly broken, and the fragments become the fee of the chancellor. * * * This being the general rule, an amicable contest, *honoris causâ*, arose upon the subject between two of the most distinguished men who have ever held the office. Lord Lyndhurst was chancellor on the accession of William IV, when by an order in council a new great seal was ordered to be prepared by his majesty's chief engraver; but when it was finished and an order was made for using it, Lord Brougham was chancellor. Lord Lyndhurst claimed the

old great seal on the ground that the transaction must be referred back to the date of the first order, and that the fruit must therefore be considered as having fallen in his time; while Lord Brougham insisted that the point of time to be regarded was the moment when the old great seal ceased to be the '*clavis regni*,' and that there was no exception to the general rule. The matter being submitted to the king as supreme judge in such cases, his majesty equitably adjudged that the old great seal should be divided between the two noble and learned litigants; and as it consisted of two parts, for making an impression on both sides of the wax appended to letters patent—one representing the sovereign on the throne, and the other on horseback—the destiny of the two parts respectively should be determined by lot. His majesty's judgment was much applauded; and he graciously ordered each part to be set in a splendid silver salver with appropriate devices and ornaments, which he presented to the late and present keeper of his conscience as a mark of his personal respect for them. The ceremony of breaking or 'damasking' the old great seal, consists in the sovereign giving it a gentle blow with a hammer; after which it is supposed to be broken, and has lost all its virtue."

AEROLITHS, OR METEORIC STONES.

BY E. J. LOWE.

Ah, if so much of beauty
Pour itself into each vein
Of life, and of creation,
How beautiful must the
Great fountain be—
The bright—the eternal.

The word aerolith is derived from the Greek *aer*, the air, and *lithos*, a stone (air-stones), which is an appellation given to those extraordinary solid bodies, composed of several mineral substances, which have been observsd (though, certainly, they are of rare occurrence) to fall from the atmosphere. These are sometimes called aeroliths, and at other times lunar stones. The descent of these very curious masses was, for a considerable time, doubted, and when a description of any of these phenomena were published to the world, they were treated with the scorn of an untruth; but of late years the fact has been so repeatedly proved, and in such a conclusive manner, that it cannot, by any possible means, leave any doubt of the certain existence of this phenomenon.

The larger class of these air-stones have been observed as luminous bodies, moving with very great velocities, and descending in oblique directions, accompanied with a loud hissing noise, something resembling a large and irregular solid substance carried violently through our atmosphere, surrounded by a brilliant flame, which decreases both in brightness and breadth—the latter assuming nearly a point in the tail of these meteors. These, on a sudden, are heard to burst, and seen to be blown by some violent force into pieces; the larger parts preceding the smaller ones in succession, and are seen to strike the earth with great force, frequently being inhumed several inches. On examination being made where these explosions have taken place, the parts are found scattered about, and the stones, when dug up, considerably heated.

The most extraordinary fact is that these stones all bear a resemblance to each other, and in every instance present the same external appearance of semi-metallic matter, coated on the outside with a thin black crust, and exhibiting very strong proofs of recent fusion.

These meteoric-stones have been very carefully examined by some of the greatest chemists and naturalists of the present age, and their strict and accurate investigations have supplied us with such a mass of information, perfectly sufficient to convince the most scrupulous inquirer that these bodies have a common origin, and that we are totally unacquainted with any natural process which would in any possibility have formed them on the earth.

The meteoric-stones, which underwent a very strict and attentive examination by Count de Bournon and Mr. Howard, were found to consist of four distinct substances, namely—small metallic particles, a peculiar martial pyrites, a number of globular and elliptical bodies, also of a peculiar nature, and an earthy cement, surrounding the other component parts. The nature of the metallic particles was the same, in all being in each an alloy of iron and nickel. In the pyrites, nickel, as well as iron, was detected; and the easy decomposition of the pyrites by muriatic acid, afforded a distinguishing character of that substance. The globules contained silica, magnesia, and oxides of nickel and iron. The earthy cement consisted of the same substances, very nearly in the same proportions."

M. Vauquelin also, about the same date as Mr. Howard, bestowed a good deal of care in analysing those distinguished meteors the Benares-stones, together with two others, one which fell in 1789 and the other in 1790 (both in the south of France), and the results of his experiments, which had caused a great deal of anxiety, agreed in every respect with those attained by Mr. Howard.

As I have before stated, all these stones

that have fallen at different times, and in different parts of the earth's surface, have been formed of the same substances; but no other bodies on our globe have ever been discovered which contain the same ingredients. It may be worthy here of remark to state, that the average of the specific gravity of these stones is 3½ or 3¾ times heavier than that of water.

I shall now take a few of the more curious of this phenomena, to illustrate the various forms in which they have at times fallen. Some are of great size. In 1762 two stones fell near Verona, one weighing 300 lbs., and the other 200 lbs. Another in 1492, on Nov. 7th, fell at Enisheim, in Alcase (Upper Rhine), which weighed 260 lbs. (this is now in the library of Colmar). Sometimes these stones fall in showers: in 1510, according to Cardet Varcit, a shower containing about 1,200 stones (one of which weighed 120 lbs.) fell near Padua, in Italy. A very extensive shower of stones fell on July 24th, 1790, near the environs of Agen. A large mass of iron (70 cubic feet) fell on the 5th April, 1800, in America. Pliny also gives an account of a shower of iron which fell in Lucania. According to Dion, there was a shower of mercury in Italy. We read in the Bible of a shower of sulphur at Sodom and Gomorrah (Moses). Another shower of this nature fell at Brunswick in 1721. We have also two descriptions of sulphurous rain, one in the duchy of Mansfield in 1658, the other at Copenhagen. We have on record a shower of sand, which fell incessantly for fifteen hours in the Atlantic Ocean (April 6th, 1719). A shower of fire fell at Quesnoy, January 4th, 1717 (Geoffrey le Cadet). July, 1810: a large ball of fire fell from the clouds at Shahabad, which burnt down five villages, destroyed the crops, and killed several people. Nov. 23rd, 1810: three stones fell in the commune of Charionville and neighbourhood of Orleans. These fell perpendicularly, and without the appearance of any light or ball of fire; one weighing 40 lbs. buried itself three feet in the ground. A very remarkable shower of a viscid unknown matter fell in Ireland, 1695 (Muschenbroeck.) Mrs. Somerville gives an account of several of these bodies having exceeded that of a body of seventy-five miles in diameter; and one that passed at the distance of twenty-five miles was said to weigh 600,000 tons, and had a velocity equal to twenty miles per second. (Only a slight particle of this stone reached the earth). I cannot help adding to this list the meteoric-showers which have lately caused such a degree of excitement, and commonly gone by the name of November meteors, which name originated by their appearance on November 12th and 13th, in the years 1766, 1779, 1799, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, and 1837. The shower of Ærolites in 1779 was very extraordinary, for four hours there was not a space left in the heavens of the size of three diameters of the moon's disc, which was not filled with these burning meteors. Many of them had a distinct nucleus, quite as large as the apparent disc of Jupiter, and most of them from five to ten degs. in length. Another of the most curious and brilliant displays of this kind took place on the evening of the 12th and morning of the 13th of November, 1833, in the United States of America. On this occasion the falling stars were equally numerous, and this grand exhibition extended over a very considerable portion of the earth's surface. (Professor Olmsted comes to this conclusion, after considering all the circumstances, "That the November meteors consist of portions of the extreme parts of a nebulous body, which revolves around the sun in an orbit interior to that of the earth, but little inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, having its aphelion near to the earth's path, and having a periodic time of nearly 182 days.") Besides these there are several hundred accounts of stones having fallen, all of which deserve to be recorded, but would be too numerous to enumerate here.

The fall of meteoric-stones is considerably more frequent than what is generally believed. We scarce pass through a year without hearing some account of these strangers to our earth, and when we take into consideration what a small portion of this globe is inhabited, it is fair to presume that numbers must either fall in the ocean or an uninhabited land, which are unseen by man.

SONG.

"THE SUNNY PATHS OF CHEERFUL YOUTH."

The sunny paths of cheerful youth,
With lightsome heart are trod,
Radient with nature and with truth,
Most pleasing unto God.
For in the paths of after life,
More callous grows the heart,
For ways which are beset with strife,
Make innocence depart.

The soul's buoyant joyousness
Only our youth can know,
When the young hearts most dire distress,
Like spring clouds o'er us blow.
Youth is the spring of life, when all
Is new, inviting, sweet,
When nothing on the sense does pall,
And all seems bright we meet.

Oh, that life was like those flowers
That ope unto the sun,
And quickly when approach dark hours,
Close up the night to shun.
How happy should we be to miss
All dire misfortunes—night,
And live a life of sunny bliss—
A life of constant light.

W. W.

SOME CURIOUS INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN JONES, SHOWING THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING TALL.

BY JOTT.

"Six feet three, John, to a hair's breadth," said a middle-aged lady to her beloved son, whom but a couple of minutes before she had placed against the wall in the front parlour, in order that she might ascertain his height.

"Six feet three to a hair's breadth," said the lady, closing the two-feet rule with which she had measured that part of the wall from the bottom of the skirting board to a mark which she had made with her knitting needle, and which was on a level with the upper part of the cranium of John Jones, her son.

"His fortune's made," said a stout gentleman with a somewhat highly coloured physiognomy, and who was seated at a table, quaffing something whose colour approximated very much to that of his countenance. "Damme," continued the gentleman of the rubicund physiognomy, "if he don't make something of himself, I wouldn't give a button for him."

"Nobody's fault but his own, if he doesn't," observed Mrs. Jones.

"His fortune's made, as I said before," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones (for such was the name the stout gentleman rejoiced in), "if he only minds his eye. Sooner be six feet three than have six hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket."

Probably this was said because Mr. Jeremiah Jones had not that sum to present his son and heir with on beginning the world.

"Wouldn't make a bad soldier or a policeman," said John Jones, somewhat flattered by the remarks made upon his stature.

"A what?" shrieked Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a strong inclination to go into hysterics.

"A what, sirrah?" demanded Mr. Jeremiah Jones, casting looks indicative of the utmost indignation at his son.

"A soldier or a policeman," said John Jones, quite innocently, and whose ideas were not very aspiring.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Jeremiah Jones, "has it come to this? Is it possible that I can have brought a child into the world who talks of becoming a soldier or a policeman?"

"I promised to give you a shilling a week for pocket money, sir," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones; "I shall now only give you sixpence, and that's too much."

John Jones was then one-and-twenty years of age, and remarkably plain-looking. His parents had hitherto delayed putting him to any business or profession, owing to an insurmountable difficulty to fix upon anything good enough for a youth of such a promising stature. Whenever John had done or said anything that occasioned the displeasure of his parents, he generally quitted the room, thinking that his presence only served to remind them of the offence of which he had been guilty. He left the room on the present occasion.

"It is really time that boy was put to something," said Mrs. Jones.

"What a figure he would make in the House!" observed Mr. Jones.

"What House?" inquired the lady.

"Parliament house," said Mr. Jones. "Make a capital premier; his figure would do the business—persuade 'em into anything. The Russells and the Roebucks would tremble when they saw him."

"The bar's a genteel profession," suggested Mrs. Jones.

"Do there also," said Mr. Jones. "Carry all before him."

"Tall clergymen and doctors look well," said Mrs. Jones.

"Damme, he'll do for anything," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones. "Must succeed, whatever he takes in hand."

"My opinion is," said Mrs. Jones, "that some rich lady will be falling in love with him and marrying him."

"Shouldn't be at all surprised."

Having introduced the reader to the Joneses, and made him acquainted with the high expectations that were entertained of the young man John Jones, turn we to another personage who is equally deserving of our attention.

Short and stout, lively and eccentric, and a little past the meridian in point of years, Miss Rebecca Lobbley was at once the pride and envy of her sex. The pride, because she was considered the most generous, the best-hearted little woman going;—the envy, because she had an annuity of seventy pounds, a comfortable yearly stipend, to which unhappily few, very few of her sex could lay any claim. Miss Lobbley paid visits to, and received visits from, the Joneses. Whenever she encountered one member of the family, her virgin heart fluttered. John had won her affections, but, alas! he was unconscious of the fact, nor were Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Jones cognisant of it. John was not remarkably astute, and Miss Lobbley knew sufficient of what belonged to her sex to know that it was the duty of John to make the first advances. The old couple had left the twain together one day, when Miss Lobbley determined upon throwing out a few inuendoes to John, in order that (if he had the least penetration) he might get an inkling as to the nature of her wishes She had a great objection to John's sta-

ture, although in the following conversation she described herself to be very partial to tall people. Her reasons, however, for such a statement are obvious enough.

"Your figure, Mr. Jones, has often struck me as very, very commanding," observed Miss Lobbley.

John Jones sat in one corner of the room, and Miss Lobbley in the other. He amused himself by turning over the leaves of an old scrap-book, and she amused herself by wrapping a piece of blue ribbon round her fingers.

"Good size," said John; "nothing like being tall."

"Oh, I am so fond of tall people," said Miss Lobbley; "they are so very useful, and they look so genteel."

"Certainly," said John; "most genteel people going, I think."

"I have often said," observed Miss Lobbley, "that if ever I did marry, my husband should be a tall man. I hate little people, although I am little myself."

"What do you think of me for a husband?" said John Jones, jocosely, but who really meant nothing by the question, and who was totally ignorant of the drift of Miss Lobbley's conversation.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, for shame," said Miss Lobbley, blushing as red as the silk with which her bonnet was lined.

This short conversation decided the fate of two human beings; for little more than nine months passed over, before Mr. John Jones and Miss Rebecca Lobbley were one. It was brought about in this way. Mrs. Jeremiah Jones was just going to enter the room, when she heard Miss Lobbley and her son talking; and curious to know the subject of the conversation, she clapped her ear to the keyhole, and heard most of what passed between Miss Lobbley and her son. Had the matter been left to John, Miss Lobbley and he might have remained as far apart as ever, for he never dreamt for a moment of converting the soft, the euphonious name of Lobbley into that of Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Jones (we are particular in saying Jeremiah, because the ramifications of the family were innumerable) had long and frequent debates as to whether it would be prudent for John to offer himself as a candidate for Miss Lobbley's favour, or not. After a good deal of controversy, it was decided that John should offer himself, and the result was as stated above.

After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. John Jones took a couple of rooms in —— street, which they furnished themselves. John Jones's stature soon attracted attention; and as he passed along the street, the servant girls generally flew to the windows to get a look at him; and his tall, commanding figure soon caused him to be known in that locality under the genteel appellation of the "Big-un."

Mr. and Mrs. John Jones were sitting one evening in their apartment (they had just had tea), when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and presently the landlady's servant made her appearance.

"Well, Jane, what is it you want?" asked Mrs. John Jones.

"I hope you won't think me too free, ma'am," said the girl, "but missus sent to ask if as how you would be so good as to let Mr. Jones come into the yard and take down the lines, seeing that it requires a particular tall person to reach 'em, and missus and me being much too short."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Mrs. John Jones, who, as before intimated, was the best-natured little woman in existence. "John, my dear," continued she (she had the entire control of him), "run and take the lines down, there's a good fellow. Nothing like making yourself useful."

John Jones, who did not at all concur with the maxim, rose from his seat, and doggedly followed the servant girl into the yard.

Few people asked Mrs. Jones to do these favours, without their requests (if she had it in her power) being complied with. John Jones had invariably obeyed her in the most trivial matters, for, to say truth, nature had been more lavish in her bestowal of physical qualifications upon John, than mental; and it was, therefore, necessary that somebody should have control over him. An occurrence, however, which we are going to relate, caused him to be somewhat rebellious, and show indications of an independent spirit. In a street adjoining that in which the Joneses lived, one of those wonders of creation, a dwarf, had been announced to appear; and shortly after the announcement, the proprietor of the said dwarf had an interview with Mrs. John Jones. The object and result of it will be gleaned from the following dialogue.

"John," said Mrs. Jones, "what do you think?"

John was one of those happy, happy fellows, who never think at all.

"Can't say," said John.

"I'll tell you," said the lady. "It is arranged for you to appear in public."

"Where's that?" asked John, having a confused notion of a public-house.

"Why, my love, to appear openly, publicly, to, to,—in short, to show yourself in a room, where anybody by paying may come and see you."

"Won't do," said John; "can't stand that."

"You must, my dear, you must," said Mrs. Jones. "It's all settled. The gen-

tleman who belongs to the dwarf in the next street has been here, and everything is arranged. You have to be there, to show off the dwarf to greater advantage by the contrast."

"I cannot agree to that, Mrs. Jones," said John. "My stature, ma'am, was intended for higher purposes."

"You must agree to it, my dear, because I have given the gentleman belonging to the dwarf my promise, and I cannot withdraw it."

"I'm blest if I do, then," said John; and as if for the purpose of giving the asseveration emphasis, he snatched his hat from the table, and threw it upon the floor with all his might.

"I insist upon it," said Mrs. Jones. "What else are you good for, eh?"

"Mrs. Jones," said John, "my blood boils, ma'am, my spirit rises indignantly, ma'am, against such a degradation. Let the dwarf get another big man. There's plenty besides me in the world."

"The dwarf's master has desired your service, and you must go."

"I'll not go, Mrs. Jones; I'll not go; that's flat."

"You shall, sir, and I insist upon it."

"I'll see the dwarf to—to France, before I go," said John Jones.

"You are a monster, John, a hideous monster, and I wish I had never seen you," said Mrs. Jones. "What is to become of the dwarf, if there is not somebody alongside of him? He'll not be seen to any advantage, and the consequence will be that people won't consider him a curiosity at all."

"Nothing to do with that, Mrs. Jones. Let the dwarf provide people for himself."

"You will make me hate you, John," said Mrs. Jones. "Come, say you'll go—there's a good fellow. It's only for a short time."

"What's the pay?" at length inquired John, who now for the first time evinced a desire to compromise.

"Pay, dear, how can you ask such a question? What can a poor insignificant little dwarf afford to give?"

"If the dwarf wants a man, he must pay for him," said John Jones.

"He cannot afford to give anything," said Mrs. Jones, "or he would do so willingly."

"I'll consider about it," said John, at length.

The result of his consideration was a determination to comply with the wishes of Mrs. Jones, and thus act as a powerful auxiliary to the dwarf.

Three months did the dwarf remain in the street adjoining that in which the Joneses lived; and every evening, at a certain hour, did John Jones attend the exhibition for the purpose alluded to. During those months, John Jones endured a martyrdom; for not only was he exposed to the criticisms and observations of the public, but he had to submit to the peevishness of the dwarf, who was one of the most irritable little creatures in Christendom. Frequently did this same little dwarf threaten to knock John's head off his shoulders; frequently did this little waspish mite of mortality use the most abusive language towards John Jones, and make invidious allusions to his personal appearance, insinuating that if he had a foot or two cut off his person (he did not say in what particular part), he would not look any worse for it. How often did the poor fellow wish he had been a middle-sized man—nay, under the middle size—rather than six feet three.

The day that the dwarf took his departure was a glorious day to John. He got drunk on that day for the first time in his life. Mrs. Jones always kept him bare in regard to pocket money; but the sly fellow had been saving up for weeks prior to the departure of the dwarf.

Some time passed by without his experiencing any other annoyance or inconvenience in consequence of his immense stature. While sitting, however, one morning at breakfast in the company of Mrs. Jones, the servant entered the room to say that a little boy wished to ask Mr. Jones a favour.

"What's his name?" asked John Jones.

"Billy Crick," said the servant. "He ain't got no hat."

"Show him up," said John Jones.

A little dirty saucy urchin, exceedingly ragged, and without hat or cap, was accordingly shown into the room.

"What's your will, sir?" asked John Jones.

"Please, Mister Jones," began the little boy, "please, Mister Jones——"

"Well, sir, speak out, speak out," said John Jones. "What is it you want?"

"Please, Mister Jones," resumed the little boy, "my cap has stuck on the lamp-post hopposite your ouse, and nobody ain't tall enough to get it off, and I bin recommended to happly to you, a howing to your being sich a strapper."

"Get out," said John Jones, almost provoked to throw the breakfast table and everything that was upon it at the little boy. "Get out, you young impertinent rascal."

"For shame, John," said Mrs. Jones. "Why don't you go and get the poor boy his cap? Go this moment."

"I hear, ma'am, I ant got no other," said the little boy, taking the cue from what the lady had just said.

John Jones chafed and grumbled; but he

was ultimately obliged to yield. Oh! how he cursed his firm, tall, commanding figure.

Mr. Jones being engaged in no business, generally, when it was four, took his wife out for a walk. Returning one day, after a short round in one of the parks, their attention was attracted by a large crowd, assembled in one of the streets, and towards it did Mr. and Mrs. John Jones direct their steps. Half a dozen mountebanks were exhibiting their feats of dexterity, &c., to an admiring assembly, and an old drum and a clarionet served as a sort of accompaniment. Had it been a Punch and Judy affair, we will be bound to say that Mrs. Jones would have stopped to look at it, for she certainly was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of anything of that kind that we ever heard of. John Jones hated all sorts of show people; and it need not, therefore, occasion any astonishment to the reader if we tell him that he was exceedingly anxious to retrace his steps. The sight of the very mountebanks, with their spangled drawers, yellow stockings, and buckskin shoes, awakened a host of painful associations.

"What are you pulling at, John?" inquired Mrs. Jones, somewhat sharply.

"Come along, come along; there is nothing to see," said John Jones.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mrs. Jones; "the people are very clever, and I like to look at 'em."

John offered no further resistance. He took his place in the crowd.

"Will that ere tall gen'leman oblige the company with taking off his castor?" shouted a lad behind the Jones's.

John took no notice.

"I say, my tulip, you aint agoing to stand there," said a man a few yards behind where the unfortunate John Jones stood, and whose black face betokened him to be in the chimney sweeping profession. "Please, if that aint coming it rayther strong," continued the man, addressing himself to his neighbour, "for that ere walking lamp post to stick hisself in the very art of the crowd. It aint possible for a man of decent size to see over suk a steeple as that."

John Jones whispered to his wife to pass on; but still were the lady's eyes rivetted on the mountebanks.

Close to Mr. John Jones stood a little woman with a child between four and five years of age in her arms; but owing to the diminutive stature of the woman, and the great numbers of people in front of her, she could neither see herself nor enable the child to see, whose anxiety to accomplish this object was sufficiently indicated by its stretching out its neck continually, and raising itself up in the arms of the woman. She ever and anon cast envious glances at Mr. John Jones, and evidently had a strong desire to speak to him, but was only prevented from not being able to catch that gentleman's eye. He at length fixed his eyes upon her, when she addressed him in the manner following:—

"May I be so bold as to ax you, sir, to put this ere Billy o' mine on your shoulder for a minit or two, to let him see the tumblers? He's most particularly anxious to get a look. I aint tall enough myself or I wouldn't ax you?"

John Jones was overwhelmed with shame and confusion. Without saying a word to his wife, he darted through the crowd, and did not stop till he reached the door of his own residence. When Mrs. Jones returned, she was, of course, very angry.

It would occupy much more of our time than we can spare to describe the innumerable annoyances and humiliations that Mr. John Jones was subject to in his career through life, in consequence of his firm, tall, commanding figure. Let little men thank their stars, that if they are not destined to attract much admiration and attention in their passage through life, that their very diminutiveness screens them from observations and such inconveniences as those to which Mr. John Jones was almost daily exposed.

A VISIT TO PETER PARLEY.

BY WHIL.

As we were the other day passing the shop of Messrs. Darton and Clark, on Holborn-hill, the flaming placard, with the words, "Do, Mama, buy me Peter Parley's Annual," in letters of amazing size thereon, and a pile of books in the window, on different subjects, all by this same Peter Parley, attracted our attention; and it occurred to us, whilst gazing on their scarlet and golden exteriors, that a little information about Peter himself might form the subject-matter of one of these sketches, especially at Christmas time, when his works are so much in demand as presents for all the little masters and misses of these three kingdoms. And who has not heard of this celebrated and industrious writer? Why, there is scarcely a family to be found which have not welcomed him to home and hearth. He has gossipped pleasantly by the fireside to the delighted children of far away places—of barren deserts and ice regions—of burning mountains and buried cities—of earth, sea, and sky, and the wonders thereunto belonging—of art, with all its treasures—of science, with all its discoveries—of poetry

and its thousand charms—of prose and its countless attractions. He has soared with his young readers through the starry skies, and groped with them in his company through the bowels of the earth, "where the diamond lights up the secret mine." Then he has told them fascinating stories (always aiming to "point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale") of "Cheerful Cherry," of "Inquisitive Jack," of "Tom Trotter and Dick Boldero," and in "Wit Bought," "Persevere and Prosper," "What to Do," and other such titled narratives, helped to make wisdom's ways ways of pleasantness. Truly the children are wonderfully indebted to Peter Parley!

And let not those who, after all, are only "children of a large growth," affect to despise the writer of such juvenile books as we have alluded to. Genius is never so graceful as when it condescends to people of small estate—and it requires genius of a peculiar order to write for children: let those who think otherwise try it. Peter Parley possesses this gift in an eminent degree. He communicates knowledge without seeming to teach, and therein lies the secret of his great and well-deserved popularity as a story-teller for, and instructor of, children,

Like all eminent characters, Peter has had hosts of imitators, some of them sad blockheads, who have pillaged nothing from him but his "good name," in order to enrich themselves thereby. The productions, however, of these "Peter Freaks" of literature lack all the spirit and originality which characterises those of the real "Simon Pure;" but as we shall have presently to refer to this matter, we will let our readers know who Peter Parley really is.

Fancy a pretty and picturesque suburb of a large city, and that in this village there is one of the most charming cottages in the world, shadowed by graceful American elms, and surrounded by alanthus, chesnut, and dogwood trees. Enter the door, around the trellis-work of whose portico luxuriant creepers twine, and you will find yourselves, after passing through an entrance-hall, in an apartment, every article of furniture in which, whether for use or ornament, displays the perfect taste of its owner. Pictures by the best English, European, and American masters adorn the walls, and articles of *vertu* are scattered about in various parts of the room. From the windows we have a charming view of the surrounding country. Away to the right rises the capitol-crowned city of Boston; every house, although it is three miles distant, aye, and almost every separate brick, distinctly seen, so transparent and pure is the atmosphere. Before us, Jamaica Pond, a beautiful sheet of water, which in England we should be proud of as a lake, sparkles in the sun; and to our left, and far away, the pretty church and the elegant cottages of Brookline gleam amongst their groves of green. Through a glass-door we step at once into the garden—one of the most picturesque I ever saw, for nature has done as much and more for it than it would ever have entered the heart of any landscape gardener, a Loudon even though he might be, to conceive. Rock-work and water-courses are already formed by nature, the best picturesque artist in the world, and art has been only called in as a mere supernumerary. But let us return to the shaded room we have just quitted, for the sun is absolutely raining down his fierce heat, and the thermometer stands in the shade at 96. An hot summer day even so far north as Boston is no joke, and that it *is* unusually warm is proved by a green and golden humming bird, who (a rare thing in the neighbourhood) is busy in the bell of a trumpet vine just outside the window.

"Will you walk in the library, sir?" says a servant, and, following her, we were ushered into a small room, adorned with

"Statues, books, and pictures fair,"

and a gentleman cordially welcomes us. It is Peter Parley himself—the beloved of boys, and the glory of girls. He is tall, and rather slightly made; for a moment he has laid aside a large pair of smoked glass spectacles, and we observe that he has a pair of very bright small intellectual eyes, and soft and kindly in their expression. I had imagined him an elderly, bald-headed, venerable-looking man—he was quite the reverse of the picture of him which I had hung up in my own private and particular image chamber. Over a beautifully shaped head grew short, crisp, curly dark hair, and his features were rather more youthful in cast than might be supposed in those belonging to a man of some half a century old, for that I take to be about his age. He was about the best dressed man I had met in America, and the whole appearance and bearing of Peter Parley was that of the perfect and high-bred gentleman. Of his mental qualifications, which are not, as they ought to be, appreciated in this country, I shall presently speak.

Peter Parley's real name is Samuel Griswold Goodrich; he is the son of a clergyman of Connecticut, a state which has sent forth more literary men than any other in America. Mr. Goodrich was educated at the common school of his native town, and soon after attaining the age of twenty-one, he became engaged in the business of publishing, at Hertford, where he resided for several years. In the year 1824 he was compelled by ill health to travel,

and he visited Europe, and travelled over England, France, Germany, and Holland, devoting his attention particularly to the institutions for education; and on his return, having determined to attempt an improvement in books for the young, established himself in Boston, and commenced the trade, or profession, as it is more genteelly called, of authorship. Since that time he has produced some thirty and odd volumes under the signature of "Peter Parley," which have passed through a great number of editions in America and in this country, and many of them have been translated into foreign languages. Mr. Goodrich informed me that a friend of his had actually met with one of his books "done" into Persian, and I have seen a Constantinople edition of one of the earliest of the "Parley" series.

Of some of these works more than 50,000 copies are circulated annually. In 1824 Mr Goodrich published "The Token," the first annual which ever appeared in America, and for fourteen years he continued to edit it, and during that time he contributed most of the poems of which he is known to be the author. They were all written whilst he was actively engaged in business. His "Fireside Education" was composed in sixty days, whilst he was discharging his duties as a member of the Massachusets Senate, and superintending his publishing establishment; and his numerous other prose works have been produced with almost equal rapidity. In 1837 he published a volume, entitled "The Outcast and other Poems," most of the contents of which had been previously printed; and in 1841, "Sketches from a Student's Window," a collection of prose and poetry writings that had appeared originally in "The Token" and other periodicals.

Few persons in America, if any, have done so much as Peter Parley in the way of patronising authors and artists, and it is a question whether any one else has done as much to improve the style of book manufacture, or to promote the arts of engraving. For a long time he supported, in England, one of the first American engravers now living, and to him the art of engraving in the west assuredly is greatly indebted for its present high position. It is believed that he has put in circulation more than two millions of volumes of his own production, all of which inculcate pure morality and cheerful views of life. His style is simple and unaffected, the flow of his verse melodious, and his subjects generally such as he is capable of treating most successfully.

Some of Mr. Goodrich's poems are remarkably beautiful, and, although he is principally known in England as a writer of children's books, he is entitled to take a prominent position in the ranks of those who have written for children of a larger growth. Scores of solid literary articles, which have been attributed to well-known and powerful pens, were written by him; and it is only due to our subject that Samuel Griswold Goodrich should be as well known in the literary world by his more elaborate productions, as is Peter Parley by the inimitable books for children. The latter have won for him "golden opinions" from the wise and good of many countries; the former entitle him to consideration as a profound and vigorous thinker and writer.

He told me, in the course of conversation, that he had adopted the name of "Peter Parley" as he wished the tales he told children to be related by a gossipping old gentleman, who could talk and "parley" with them. "When I first used it, I little thought," said he, "that before long it would be better known than my own."

During the disastrous panic which occurred some years ago in the American money-market, Mr. Goodrich, in common with hundreds of others, was a sufferer to a very serious extent. Previously to the calamity he had built himself a beautiful mansion at Roxbury, near Boston; and near it a lodge of very elegant design. Here he fondly had hoped to spend the evening of his days, in the enjoyment of competence and even of affluence. But the crash came; and one dreary day Peter Parley, after all his hard work, found himself stripped of every dollar, and instead of being independent in circumstances, ten thousand dollars in debt. But he was not the man to despair; and acting upon the principles of perseverance and industry he had so often inculcated, he "never gave up," but set his shoulders once more to the wheel, and, with a willing heart and cheerful hope, commenced life anew. He was not so young as when he first wrote books, but the mine was yet unexhausted—his arm was still vigorous, and he recommenced working in the veins of knowledge. He was a prudent man, and so he sold his large house, and, with his accomplished wife and young family, removed to the lodge, which his taste soon converted into a charming home; "and," said Mrs. Goodrich to me, when I visited them a few months ago, "we are just as happy as we were there." Day and night toiled Peter Parley, flinging off book after book with unexampled rapidity, until fortune smiled on her patient wooer, and partially restored him that of which chance had deprived him. Still he is toiling for his children, and I am happy to say not without earning his just wages.

But flesh and blood *will* wear out; and

our friend Peter Parley's eyes have grown less serviceable than of yore. What then? his brain is still as active, and if you will peep through the window of study any morning early or any evening late, you will see a graceful lady acting as amanuensis to her husband—or, perhaps, you may hear her composing little songs for a periodical which Peter edits for children, or mark her inditing some graceful lyric. Mr. Goodrich's eyesight obliges him to seek the aid of his wife's pen in this way; and it is not impossible that a certain indescribable charm which pervades Peter's later works may be ascribed to this circumstance.

Thus have I given some account, and a very imperfect one it is, I fear, of one with whose name we have all of us so long been familiar. He has for years been a mysterious personage to all but a few; and I trust that hundreds of little (aye, and great) folk will not read his works with the less interest for having known something of the real original "Peter Parley." —*Sun.*

The Gatherer.

Death Foretold.—The grand Duke of Darmstadt, who died in 1830, foretold the time of his own death. "I shall die," he used to say at different times, "on the very day my father breathed his last;" viz. April 6th; and his prophecy has been fulfilled. It is also a curious coincidence in high life, that this prince, as well as two of his sisters, celebrated their golden wedding feasts (*i.e.* a celebration on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage).

New Year's Greetings.—Captain Alexander, speaking of New Year's Day, says, "While I was sitting at breakfast, a servant of the court entered, and, after uttering a few words in the Russian language, threw a handful of millet and oats into my face. I was surprised; but, guessing it to proceed from some custom prevailing here, took it in good part. He then said that the Countess Vorontzof wished to see me. I left my rooms, and went to the count's cabinet, where I found himself, the countess, their childen, and one or two of the *employés*, at breakfast. His excellency, rising upon my entrance, shook hands, and wished me a happy new year: after which he threw a handful of millet and oats at me. I had hardly got rid of these, before the children and the other individuals present renewed the attack in a similar manner. Count Vorontzof informed me, in the course of conversation subsequently, that this is a custom prevailing only in the Ukraine and the south of Russia, which are corn countries. Throughout the whole day, millet and oats were kept in constant readiness, and every one who entered the house, of whatever rank or sex, was assailed as I had been."

A Monarch's Clothes.—The wardrobe of George IV was so extensive, that it required three waggons to transport it from Windsor to London. It value was estimated at not less than £15,000.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry —the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours —recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom,—or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time. —*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Sir Martin Archer Shee.—This eminent artist having withdrawn his resignation, has been, at the usual nomination of officers, unanimously re-elected to the presidential chair of the Royal Academy; a grant of 300*l.* a year, by the council, being added to the royal pension of 200*l.* already settled on Lady Shee.

A Thrilling Sketch.—The following scene is said to have been lately exhibited in Virginia:—*Mesmeriser:* You have seen, gentlemen, this here boy was taken promiscuously from the crowd. His arm is there against the wall, and he can't take it down, nor set it down except I does it. *Crowd:* Take it down, boy. *Boy:* I can't, sir. *Crowd:* Down with it, and I will give you a ninepence. *Mes.:* He can't take it down, sir, no more than he can lift a millstone. You may throw as much money as you please on the floor, and all that he picks up I will pay for. Here several of the crowd laid down quarters and halves to the amount of two or three dollars. *Crowd:* Now, my boy, all that is yours; take it and be off. The arm dropped instanter. His hand fell directly on the pile, which his nimble fingers secured, and with his unmesmerised heels he made his joyful and final exit for the evening—the learned and profound professor standing himself amazed at the un-profoundness of his own art—the villainy of mankind—the want of faith and truth among parties—and, amidst the dreadful roar of the house, came demands for the restitution of the money *mesmerised* by the boy.—*American Paper.*

Wisdom.—Wisdom is the composure of the soul; and as in war steel is better than gold for use, so wisdom is better than wealth. The chief business of a wise man is to distinguish what is good, and show what is otherwise.—*Socrates.*

H.A. Burstall, Printer, 3, Tavistock-street, Strand.